

"The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers; let Him not leave us, nor forsake us."—Kings, viii:37.

Text suggested by Freeley Rohrer, pastor of Metropolitan Presbyterian Church.

## Will Try to End Auto War

THE attempt to be made in Congress to end the Maryland-District of Columbia auto war, through an amendment to the agricultural bill that would deny Federal aid in road construction to States that refuse to recognize the auto tags of other States or the District of Columbia, is a most commendable one.

Maryland began, and for years continued without encountering retaliation, her policy of compelling District autoists to buy Maryland auto tags, although permitting the autoists of Virginia and all other States to pass through her territory on the customary reciprocity basis.

The District finally retaliated by forcing Maryland autoists to buy D. C. tags if they wished to enter the District.

The consequences are most unpleasant for all concerned.

Maryland's only real defense of her persistent unneighborliness is that she has spent many millions of dollars upon her public highways; that she now has among the best roadways in the country; that Washington autoists use these roads more freely than the autoists of many States combined, and thereby aid in the cutting up of the roads, the repairs to which are costly. The State, it is contended, must have the revenues forced from District people to aid in roadway upkeep and improvement.

The District could, of course, use the same argument, but it is a selfish, unfriendly view to take, and Maryland State authorities ought to see that her position is not sustained, either in Congress or by autoists throughout the country, who feel that free access to all States brings Americans closer and makes for broader and better understanding of national problems.

The war of retaliation between Maryland and the District is unwise and undesirable. Washington autoists who happen to be arrested in Maryland are often severely punished by magistrates and constables, while Maryland people coming into Washington frequently meet similar experiences. Traffic officers in the District who arrest Maryland people for failing to have D. C. tags or drivers' permits require heavy collateral, whether or not the offenders are in ignorance of District of Columbia traffic laws. Action by Congress is about the only way the war can be ended.

## Without Print

THE test of an idea is: Can it live without print? Printing has its advantages. It is supposed to be "the art preservative of all arts."

But the most vigorous works of the creative imagination have been independent of type. The three greatest teachers that ever lived were Buddha, Socrates and Jesus. None of them wrote anything.

Of course, oceans of stuff have been written about them and what they said, but it is a question whether what was written has really helped or hindered their influence. Their real power was unspoken.

The tales which have the toughest lives, the stories which endure from generation to generation, go from mouth to ear. Whether they get into print or not has little to do with their validity. When MAIN STREET and LORNA DOONE, and even the works of Dickens, Goethe and Dante have gravitated to the dustbin of antiquity and are read only by curious scholars, the stories of LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, JACK THE GIANT KILLER, and CINDERELLA will still be blooming in Springtime youth for the delectation of children.

As for music, there are but two kinds of songs today that give promise of being here a hundred years from now. They are College Yells and Negro Spirituals.

## Public Right in Anthracite

HOW literalism in law may defeat justice is shown in the Supreme Court's decision in the Pennsylvania mine-cave case.

It hinged on the right of a person who had bought only a surface title to land to be protected from damage by mining operations beneath his surface.

So good a liberal as Mr. Justice Holmes assumed and the majority opinion held that one who buys a surface title knows and voluntarily accepts the risk.

Personal residence in the anthracite country would have protected him from this error. This briefly is what happened there:

Coal was discovered. The discoverers naturally bought as much proximate land as possible. Their title was complete. Having protected their coal, they developed it. To do so required labor.

Thus communities grew up. But the coal companies sold to workers only surface rights. The first settlers may have had freedom of option. But in time the only way to get home sites at all was on surface titles. The theoretical freedom of option ceased in fact.

The very people whose toil made the coal available have had their homes imperiled by mining rapacity. Other redress failing, Pennsylvania enacted and its high court sustained a law making home wrecking by mine company rapacity a crime. This law the Supreme Court of the United States overturns.

In his lone dissenting opinion Mr. Justice Brandeis says:

If by mining anthracite coal the owner would necessarily unloose poisonous gases, I suppose no one would doubt the power of the State to prevent the mining without buying his coal fields.

Why may not the State likewise, without paying compensation, prohibit one from digging so deep or excavating so near the surface as to expose the community to like dangers? Were the public itself in full control of natural resources, the private greed which robs pillars and wrecks homes, overcharges consumers and is unable to provide continuous labor and supply would cease.

One great court has erred, but the greatest error is the public's.

## Confession

SHAKESPEARE asked:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,"

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?"

The one potent medicine for purging the mind is confession.

We observe it among children. The impulse to tell whatever they have done or thought that they deem to be wrong is powerful. If they cannot tell their parents, they will tell strangers.

In fact, it is a peculiar law of confession that we prefer to un-bosom ourselves to people who do not know us so very well.

There is something about confession that counteracts the sense of guilt in a strange way.

The Catholic Church very wisely makes use of this instinct.

Curiously enough, the impulse to confess has its morbid perversions. In every celebrated murder case the police say they are overwhelmed with confessions, many of them from people that were entirely remote from the incident. One woman in Canada confessed to murder in the Ellwell case. It was found out later that all she wanted was her free transportation to New York.

Expert detectives say that they are very suspicious of confessions. The human heart is a deep and tangled jungle.

## GIVE HER A HELPING HAND.

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## WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1922.)

By S. E. Kiser

DON'T you think the world is brighter

Than it was a year ago?

Few men's burdens may be lighter.

Truth is making headway, though.

Women are appraised as cattle

Where the overlords are proud.

And there still are sounds of battle,

But they don't seem quite so loud.

LITTLE children still are dying

For the lack of proper care;

Weak and starved old men are sighing,

Bigotry stalks here and there;

Foolishness is still in fashion,

Jealousy is cruel yet.

But sometimes men show compassion,

And the wronged sometimes forget.

VICE too often seems delightful,

Virtue's garb is poor and plain;

It is common to be spiteful,

Filth and ignorance remain;

Faith leads often to delusion,

Worthiness is underpaid.

But, with all the wild confusion,

Every year some gain is made.

NOW and then some heartless master

Folds his hands and shuts his eyes;

Fools who stumble to disaster

Serve as warnings to the wise.

Here and there some valiant fighter

Overcomes a beastly foe;

Don't you think the world is brighter

Than it was a year ago?

GIVE THEM TIME.

Not all the bootleggers are millionaires,  
Some of them have been bootlegging only a few weeks.

A DANGEROUS POSSIBILITY.

Things may go along all right in Italy if Mussolini doesn't happen to become possessed of the idea that he looks like Napoleon.

MAYBE SHE WANTS TO BE RID OF HIM.

William Hohenzollern's new wife has let it be understood that she intends to bring him out of his seclusion. Somebody ought to warn her that it may be dangerous to bring him very far out.

THE ONE GREAT THRILL.

Many a man's biggest moment is the one in which the judge says: "You may go."

## ADVANCED RESEARCH IN ASTRONOMY

By Edgar Lucien Larkin,

Director Mount Lowe Observatory.

THE annual report of Astronomer George Ellery Hale, director of Mt. Wilson Observatory, records discoveries and work of the observatory, a record far and away above all human achievements made during the 1,500,000 years of man's erratic and troubled career on earth.

This observatory is united with the California Institute of Technology. The two as a working unit in exalted science have no superior. Mt. Wilson Observatory's president is Robert Andrews Millikan, who started the world of science by weighing one electron. Here are titles of the amazing lines of toil of the observatory:

"ON the masses of the stars."

This means weighing vast remote suns. "Measuring the absolute magnitudes of the stars by the new spectro-photographic method," which also does the hitherto unheard of work of finding their distances.

"Refined research on Dark Nebulae."

"Measuring energy distribution in spectra of the stars."

"Delicate research by Michelson on velocity of light," now given as 186,324 miles per second.

"DISCOVERY of huge submerged invisible sun spots."

"Remeasurement of world standard lengths of waves of light in high intensity electric arcs."

"Design for a 50-foot interferometer." It was by means of a 110-foot interferometer that the diameter of the giant sun Betelgeuse was measured in 1920.

"Intensely refined measurements of the energy of heat of the stars"—each a sun.

"Radial velocity measures of the stars." Possibilities beyond imagination are in this super-work.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—You're right about the little things in life. They count. A fellow stopped me on the avenue last Tuesday and asked me for car fare and I said "no" and a woman passed by and looked at me—just one look—and I'll never see her again and wouldn't know her if I did, but I wonder what she thinks, just as I wonder when my wife takes an extra quilt at me—but they served no free cloths where that fellow spent his last four bits and she don't know that. And what would be the use if she reads this, because we men just keep on stumbling through life, making mistakes, and it's women like my wife—and her—that show all of us up, especially when we think we're better than the other fellow—I thank you. A. J. S.

MY DEAR A. J. S.

AND IT'S women.

LIKE YOUR wife.

AND IT'S good men.

AND LITTLE children.

THAT KEEP you.

AND KEEP me.

FROM A lot of things.

THAT WE would do.

AND SHOULDN'T do.

AND YOU know.

AND I know.

THAT ALL the preaching.

IN ALL the world.

ISN'T AS much.

IN A helpful way.

AS JUST the knowledge.

THAT WE have friends.

WHO BELIEVE in us.

AND YOUR regret.

WHEN THE passing woman.

LOOKED AT you.

WASN'T SO much.

YOU HADN'T helped.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

FOR MORE than likely.

HE GOT the help.

FROM SOMEONE else.

BUT IT was because.

THE PASSING woman.

THOUGHT ILL of you.

BECAUSE YOU'D failed.

AND EVERY time.

WE FAIL to do.

WHAT WE should do.

WE MAKE the world.

A LITTLE sadder.

BECAUSE OF it.

I THANK you.

## Summon the Reserves

By Dr. Charles Fletcher

THAT was an amazing and amusing story that the Boston papers printed lately about the stunt performed by a humble horse.

That equine, hitherto to fortune and to fame unknown, was the forward end of a newspaper delivery wagon and apparently satisfied with his modest function of helping daily to keep some tens of thousands of persons up to date.

But it would seem that the horse had latterly been dreaming dreams which he had not confided to his driver.

Early one morning, while his wagon was standing at the railroad station and the driver was otherwise engaged, Mr. Horse must have decided to obey that impulse toward freedom and self-direction.

Off he ran, dashing through train yards, over tracks and culverts, and finally dived through a drawbridge over the Charles river.

The encumbering wagon and its journalistic load he left behind him jammed between the rails.

And the horse, where was he? For hours the harbor police searched for him in vain. And then they gave up the quest.

Thirty-six hours after his first disappearance a watchman saw the horse swim out from under a pier. His ambition still unsatisfied, he was making for the open sea!

They chased him in a dory, lassoed the beast and towed him to shore.

HAVING thus qualified as the long-distance and long-time swimmer among all horses in history, the equine champion was brought to an animal hospital to recover from the bad chill contracted during the thirty-six hours spent in its unwonted environment.

Curious story, isn't it, and full of stimulating suggestion? Ever read "Gulliver's Travels" and its tale of Gulliver's journey to the land of the Houyhnhnms?

Well, pick it up and read it and learn how that race of horses, endowed with reason and noble qualities, ruled the Yahoos.

The Yahoos, in turn, are a filthy race of brutes, having the form of man and all his vices, who have become subject to these splendidly humanized horses.

It is all a satire, plainly showing how degraded man can lose his lordship over creation. And how the horse, becoming aware of his latent powers and capacities, can achieve self-government and dominion.

Evidently the horse's tale here told proves our equine hero to be descended from those Houyhnhnms. He certainly tried to live up to his noble traditions.

At any rate, for our purposes here, we mean to take for granted his further relationship to Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek fable, who has become the very symbol of poetic inspiration.

Anyhow, let the thought of him inspire YOU.

Until you test yourself in a hitherto untried medium you have no idea what ability to swim or to soar may be locked up unused within you.

Do not take for granted you are a mere dray horse bound to the cart of drudgery.

Liberate your spirit. Dash for freedom. Trust your legs. Probably you can swim. Try your wings. Doubtless you can fly.

Of all living beings You—the Human Being—have boundless possibility for your realm of adventure.

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## Something to Think About

By Bruno Lessing

I VISITED an acquaintance

the other day. His wife

was a neat housekeeper. In

fact, I think she is the neatest

housekeeper in the world.

There was not a speck of dust

in the house. Every thread in

the carpet was clean. I was

unfortunate enough to drop

some ashes from a cigarette

upon the floor. She promptly

brought in a brush and a dust-

pan. As she carried the ashes

triumphantly out of the room

she observed that a leaf had

fallen on the floor from a jar

of roses. She picked it up.

Somehow or other I felt

rather filthy.

NEATNESS is one of the

virtues. A virtue carried

to excess, however, can easily

become a vice. In fact, the

lady's husband confided to me

that her neatness got on his

nerves. She not only practiced

neatness but preached it,

dreamt it, thought it and lived

it every hour of the day. Life

meant nothing to her but a

call for neatness. Her idea of

heaven, I suppose, is a place

where vacuum cleaners work

by themselves all day long.

I guess it's all right, but, in

playing the piano, it must be

rather awkward to wipe each

key immediately after you have

touched it.

HAVE you ever met people

who carried other virtues

to excess? Take honesty, for

instance. It is one of the finest

virtues. But have you ever

met the kind of man who insists upon sharing the cost of a postage stamp with you because he is interested in the letter you are writing?

Such a man will insist that his attitude is only fair. He can not see that he is a pest. All people who carry a single virtue to extremes are pests.

The great joke is that the woman who can not sleep if there is a grain of dust on the electric light socket and the man whose conscience tortures him when he remembers that ten years ago he told a stranger Main street was up-town, whereas it was really downtown—those two would never get on well together.

They would hate each other because they had different hobbies.

I remember an old comic opera song about a modest girl which ended with this refrain:

"All statues she held as immoral affairs, And she put pantaloons on the legs of the chairs."

LIFE is rather a bored institution. No philosopher has ever succeeded in expressing its greatest requirement in one phrase. No virtue sits above all the others. This being a free country, you are at liberty to select your pet virtue.

But do not ride it to death. Remember that other people may prefer other virtues. Try to be sane.

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## At Washington's Tomb

To the Editor:

THOSE distinguished foreign